

Earned

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Earned

by [ardett](#)

Summary

DNN Week, Day 6 + Day 7:

Snowed In + Holidays

George thinks that Dream and Sapnap deserve to be punished. He doesn't realize how seriously Dream takes that.

or Dream doesn't safeword when he should so he can earn George's forgiveness

Notes

please PLEASE read the tags, this one's a doozy

They all love each other but things go very sideways when there's a lack of communication, this is definitely a story about dubious consent because Dream is not in the right headspace to consent or articulate when he needs to stop. So please read safely.

Rated this Mature because it's a lot more about the punishment and foreplay leading up to sex, there's not much actual sex itself

also I really just crammed the prompts into this fic because I just wanted to write this sooo... anyway last DNN Week fic pog?

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Being snowed in is supposed to be romantic.

Dream doesn't even know where this freak snow came from but it closed all the roads around his house, locking the three of them inside. It should have been fine with them having such sedentary jobs but Sapnap had promised George that he would take him to Disney World to see the holiday decorations. As much as George said it was fine, Dream could tell he was disappointed when they couldn't go.

The actual holiday season had been magical though. George arrived in the beginning of December, a fresh visa in hand and enough bags for five people. But it meant he was staying and that's what mattered.

Dream and Sapnap were waiting for him. Even though the three of them had been dating for a month beforehand, Dream didn't want their first kiss, their first night together, their first anything to happen without George. So once George finally arrived, it was a whirlwind of romance and lust. It's kind of beautiful that Dream's first kiss with both of them happened under the mistletoe, the kind of sweet romance that he's always been a sucker for.

December was the month they dedicated to spending the most time possible together. But as January crept in, George started to want more. Dream shouldn't be surprised, really. Even when Sapnap started living with him, it didn't take long for Sap to want to see more of Florida than Dream's backyard. He wanted to go to the beach, to bars, to the aquarium. He wanted to go to Disney too.

But instead of Sapnap doing those things alone like he did last time, George wants to go with Sapnap. Why would he go alone when Sapnap's right here? But them going together inevitably means that Dream is left out.

He doesn't want to be sad about it but it still stings.

And now, now they're snowed in and it's already January and George is mad that Sapnap can't follow through on his promise to take him to see Disney's decorations and Dream is mad that they want to leave him so badly and if the snow doesn't clear in a few days, the decorations won't be coming back until next year.

The tensions in the house were already running high before Dream called Sapnap to his room to show him his newly edited video and then Sapnap never left. Dream didn't even realize how caught up they were in talking until George knocked on his door, calling, "Hey, have you seen Sapn—"

He freezes at the sight of the two of them on Dream's bed.

There's a moment of empty silence before George asks, tone flat, "Is this where you two have been all day?"

"Shit," Sapnap breathes. George's gaze fixes on him and he flinches.

"Today was supposed to be our day, remember? You said that because we couldn't go to the parks today, we would spend time together." The anger in George's eyes burns brighter and brighter.

"George, come on, it's not his fault—" Dream tries.

“Oh sure, is it your fault then, Dream? You know what, actually I think it is.” George’s voice never rises and somehow that makes it even worse. “Living together for eight months without me wasn’t enough for you? You’re still that mad that I wanted to do one thing in Florida without you that you’re stealing Sapnap away?”

“It’s not like that.” Dream can feel his face beginning to heat, red crawling up his neck the way it always does when he’s upset.

“I don’t want to hear it,” George snarls.

“I’m sorry—”

“Don’t be sorry now,” George growls. His nails dig into his forearms. “Because I promise you’re going to be sorry later. If you want to make it up to me, then both of you will be undressed in my bed in an hour.” Then he turns on his heels and leaves.

As soon as he leaves, Dream looks for comfort. “Sap, do you think he’s really...”

“We really fucked up,” Sapnap mutters and Dream’s heart drops to his stomach. “This was the actual day we had tickets for too. He’s really pissed.”

“But we didn’t mean to leave him out,” Dream protests. “And, and you guys were going to go without me anyway so—” Sapnap throws him a look and Dream’s objection dies in his throat. He looks down at his hands. “He’s just... he’s usually not mad at me like this.”

Sapnap and George are ones who tend to get on each other’s nerves. It’s often on purpose too, since Sapnap likes to brat and George likes to put him in his place. Dream can hardly count the amount of punishments Sapnap has gotten in the bedroom for bad behavior compared to the two punishments he’s received from George, both for things far smaller than this. They were more for an excuse for George to punish him before letting the scene move more towards the praise that really gets Dream off.

This is the first time Dream has really felt like he deserved a punishment. Like he has to do something to earn George’s forgiveness.

“It’ll be okay, Dream. He asked us to come in an hour so he’s probably cooling down now.”

Dream nods along but still, the cold dark feeling of disappointing someone he loves sits like a stone in his gut. “And... and it’ll be better after the punishment?”

Sapnap hums in affirmation. “Yeah. I always feel better after. That’s the whole point, right? So you both feel better.”

“Okay.” Dream cringes at how small his voice sounds.

“I’m going to get ready in my room, okay? I’ll see you there.”

Dream wants to keep Sapnap with him but that’s what he got in trouble for in the first place. So he lets him go.

An hour is too long. It lets him think too much. Can’t he just apologize? Can’t he do something that would actually make it up to George like... like... cooking him dinner, or editing a video for him, or buying the new tickets for him and Sapnap to go have fun without him?

Dread pushes its claws into his sternum, shreds the breaths before they come out of his mouth.

George has to punish him because he did something bad. He was a bad boyfriend. He's a bad person. It's going to hurt because he deserves it and Sapnap said the absolution would make it all okay, so why can't Dream just take it like he's supposed to? What is George going to do to him?

Just one punishment for forgiveness. He can do that, right? For George? And he's enjoyed them before. He doesn't hate punishment but this is one he deserves, one he really deserves. He shouldn't be having a good time. That's the whole point.

It should feel bad because he's bad. And then at the end, it will be better. Sapnap promised it would be. George wouldn't do anything to him that he didn't deserve.

15 minutes before Dream is supposed to go to George's room, he realizes that his face is wet with tears. Why is he like this? George is the one who's hurt. Dream isn't the one who gets to cry because he's scared to take the punishment he rightly deserves.

Dream curses and runs into the bathroom, splashing his face with water and willing the redness from his eyes. He takes a couple deep breaths as he looks at himself in the mirror. They might still be able to tell he was upset but he's passable.

With 5 minutes left, he goes into George's room. Sapnap is already there. He smiles at Dream as Dream strips out of his clothes. Sapnap stays on the bed but Dream settles on the floor, figuring it might be the safer bet. Maybe George will just want a blowjob. Dream can do that.

George comes in exactly on the hour. Dream almost says his name, almost moves to apologize again, before his gaze zeros in on what's in George's hand.

A belt.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

George starts the punishment. Things deteriorate from there.

Chapter Notes

I must remind you once again to check the tags because we're about to get to the good stuff (or rather, the very bad stuff)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A belt.

Oh. So that's what the punishment is going to be.

Sapnap chuckles and George's eyes snap to him, razor sharp. "Spanking? Not much of a punishment."

"A slut for pain, aren't you, Sapnap?" George sneers. "Do you think I'm dumb?" Sapnap doesn't answer until George walks over and grabs onto his jaw. "I asked you a question, slut."

"No! No, I don't think you're dumb, sir," Sapnap correctly quickly, easily falling into his familiar patterns of behavior, pretending to push back but always succumbing to George's demands.

"That's what I thought. This obviously isn't for you." He pushes Sapnap back, out of his bed and towards one of the chairs in his room. "You're going to sit here and watch me discipline Dream. You don't move. And if you're good and you impress me, then maybe I'll let you back onto the bed by the end of the night."

"And... and what about me?" Dream asks hesitantly.

"What about you, puppy?" George drawls. Dream inhales sharply at the pet name, a hint of the George he knows in there.

"What can I do to be good?" George laughs but it's darker than the playful one usually directed at Dream when they have sex.

"The only thing you can do is take your punishment. Then you'll be good," George states simply. "Now come here, over my knee."

Dream immediately goes, practically stumbling over himself in his eagerness to follow George's order. His hands curl around George's thigh. George shifts so Dream's cock doesn't brush against his leg and Dream whimpers at the feeling of his rough jeans moving. George is still fully clothed, his outfit only missing the belt that's in his hand.

"Don't forget your safewords. Say them to me."

“Yellow and red. To slow down and stop.”

“Good.” Dream melts at the praise, insides going glowy, until George gets a hand in his hair and tugs upwards. Dream whines at the sudden pain, the sensation already bordering on too much. “This might be a lot for my pathetic puppy. But you want to make me feel better, right, mutt?”

Dream nods frantically. He’s heard George say almost the same thing to Sapnap before. It’s his job to make George feel better after being bad. That’s all he has to do. Not just for today but for all the times George has put Dream’s pleasure first. Dream can be a pillow princess. He gets lavished in praise and kisses and sweet words while Sapnap is the one in the place he is now. Dream’s desires have always come first because he’s selfish, just like he was selfish when he took up all of Sapnap’s time today, just like he was selfish when he got upset George and Sapnap were going to Disney without him. Because he’s bad.

And now George is going to put him in his place.

George releases his head, letting Dream fall back onto his knees, and starts listing out the rules for the night. “You’re going to count each one. You’re going to thank me for each one. You’re going to address me properly after each one. Do you understand?”

Dream swallows. “Yes.”

He feels George’s nails dig into the small of his back. “Off to a bad start, puppy.”

“Yes, sir! Yes, sir, I’m sorry. I understand.” Dream feels the pressure in his chest tighten as he waits for George’s response. Sapnap snickers but George must send him a look because the sound cuts off abruptly.

George lets him sit in silence for a long moment. Long enough that Dream starts to squirm. “10 lashes,” he finally says. “If you mess up, we start over. Do you understand?”

“Come on, George, are you even trying to punish him?” Sapnap interjects before Dream can respond. Dream tenses, the dread in his veins growing and threatening to make him speak out of turn. It’s true, compared to Sapnap’s punishments, 10 lashes is hardly anything. Dream really is pathetic for being nervous for such a small punishment so he bites his tongue and keeps his protests to himself.

George knows best. George will decide what he deserves.

“Don’t make me come over there and gag you,” George snarls. Dream imagines his eyes flashing like they do when he’s angry. “I’m in charge here. If you don’t agree then you can leave.” George’s attention turns back to Dream, a cold hand trailing lower and lower. “10 lashes to start. Do you understand, Dream?”

“Yes, sir, I understand.”

The first hit comes without warning. Dream feels the impact before the pain. It’s like a punch to the gut followed by lightning across his backside. His fingers dig into George’s thigh as his head ducks down.

“O-one. Thank you, sir.”

The next one strikes right over the last. Dream lurches forward, swallowing a yelp.

“Two. Thank you, sir.”

He can't see their faces like this, he realizes. He has no idea if Sapnap is getting off to this or if George is pleased with him or if they're sharing looks over his back, laughing about how pathetic and weak he is.

Dream squeezes his own eyes shut and tries not to think about it as the next lash cracks through the air.

"T-three." There's a pause. Dream hates that no one's talking. No praise, not even a whisper from Sapnap anymore. Are they angry? Did he—*fuck*— "Thank you, George! Sir, thank you, sir!"

George's thumb presses directly into one of the lashes, sure to leave a bruise. "Start over," he growls. "Can't even count to three properly. You really are a dumb dog, aren't you?"

Dream whimpers, tears welling in his eyes as he sees the amount of pain he'll have to endure grow. Only 10 more, as long as he doesn't mess up. He should be able to do this. If he doesn't do this, George won't forgive him. Just take the punishment and it'll be over and then it will be better, Sapnap promised him.

George's belt snaps down. Dream feels sick heat radiating from the point of contact. It washes over him like a heatstroke.

"One," he repeats, voice a ragged whisper now. "Thank you, sir."

Electrifying pain shoots through his nerves.

"Two. Thank you, sir."

It's so loud. Every time the belt hits his skin, it's deafening.

"T-three. Thank you, sir."

It hurts.

"Four. Thank you, sir."

There are tears dripping down Dream's nose. Salt stings in his eyes.

"Fi-five." Dream has to take a deep breath before continuing, "T-thank you, sir."

The next lash comes down harder than the rest. It makes Dream's whole body seize up. The tears are coming steadily now. Why would George hurt him like this if he loved him?

"Six. Thank you, sir."

I'm sorry, he thinks. *I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry*.

Pain lances through him as the belt drags over the same place as last time. Dream's head swims. His vision sparkles with stars.

"Sev-seven. I'm sorry, sir."

He doesn't even realize he said something wrong until George intones, "Start over."

Dream trembles. His own disappointment and self-disgust mix with the same emotions he knows George feels towards him. If he had just done it properly the first time, he would be done by now. If he wasn't stupid, he would be forgiven already.

Instead, the belt comes down again.

“One.” The word comes out as a sob. He feels George waiting for him to finish and after a few terrifying moments, Dream manages to choke out, “Thank you, sir.”

The next hit is gentler but it doesn’t matter. Dream’s not going to be able to make it to 10. But he has to keep trying.

“T-two. Two, thank you, sir.”

The belt barely taps him. Dream can’t breathe.

“Th-thr—” He sobs again, knuckles pressed to his teeth. “Thr—”

A hand rubs over his ass, over his overheated skin. He waits for George to tell him he failed again. He hears the click of the belt being put to the side.

“Take a breath, puppy. There you go.” George’s voice washes over him like a cool breeze.

“Feeling a little overwhelmed?” Dream nods, sniffling. “Do you need to stop?” Panic seizes Dream. He doesn’t need to stop. He needs forgiveness. He needs George to forgive him.

Dream shakes his head.

Through his dizziness, he hears George placate, “Alright, alright. We’ll just take a minute.” Dream feels George turn. “Sapnap, why don’t you come over here and help our puppy? Come here, sit by his head.”

Sapnap is by Dream’s side a second later. Dream rests his forehead on Sapnap’s thigh while a new hand strokes through his hair. His exhales meet the side of Sapnap’s knee.

The moment of relief somehow makes it that much worse when he hears George pick up the belt again.

“We’ll start from three, okay?”

Dream squeezes his eyes shut and nods. The belt cracks down.

“Three. Thank you, sir.”

Dream hisses as the next hit sends the metal buckle glancing across his skin. He can hardly concentrate on anything besides the throbbing pain he feels.

For the first time since they started having sex, he thinks *yellow I want to stop yellow*.

“F-four.” Sapnap’s hand pauses from where it’s rubbing circles on the knob of his neck. George isn’t moving, isn’t saying anything.

Dream feels Sapnap move, feels him lean down so he’s whispering to Dream, and through the haze, he hears him prompt, “Thank you, sir.”

Dream swallows and repeats, “T-thank you, sir.”

George doesn’t scold him for not being able to do it without help but he murmurs something to Sapnap. Sapnap slides off the bed so his face is level with Dream’s. He holds Dream’s hand but Dream doesn’t have the strength to return his grasp.

Dream flinches as George lands another hit.

Yellow yellow yellow yellow I don't want to do this anymore please can you forgive me another way yellow yellow please.

"Five," Sapnap whispers to him, squeezing his hand.

"Fi-five."

"Thank you, sir." Sapnap encourages, concern starting to line his face.

"T-thank you, sir."

Dream can't meet his eyes anymore as the next round of pain lances through him, burying his face in his forearms instead. He doesn't want Sapnap to see him like this.

"Six," Sapnap reminds him.

"S-six."

"Thank you, sir."

Yellow yellow yellow.

"Thank you, s-sir."

Dream has to hold back a scream as George brings down the belt again. A strangled noise still comes from the back of his throat. He can feel the bedsheets getting damp with all his tears.

"Dream, do you need to stop?" Sapnap asks. Dream just shakes his head. "Okay, Dream. Keep counting, alright? You're almost there. Seven."

"S-s-seven."

"Thank you, sir."

"T-thank you, sir."

Dream bites into his own wrist as George lays down another strike. He thinks he might taste blood.

Blood.

Blood red.

Red.

That's when Dream tips from wanting to stop to needing to stop. He can't keep going. He has so many left. How many times has George hit him now? So many more than the 10 he was supposed to get because he's bad, he's bad, he's—

"Eight." *Red, red, red.* "Dream, eight," Sapnap says again, more urgently this time.

"Ei-e—" Dream's words are slurring together. He's not going to make it. He sobs, pleading, "C-can't, S-sap."

"We're starting over," George utters.

Dream can't stop crying. George must be able to feel Dream's heaving breaths against his knees. He feels a knuckle brush over his cheekbone and he knows it's George's way of checking in so he nods even as he mouths the word *red* into the bedsheets silently.

The crack of George's belt rings in Dream's ears.

"O-one. T-thank you, s-sir."

Red stop stop it hurts please.

"T-t-two. Th-th-th—" The chewed up syllables cut him like shattered glass.

"Thank you, sir," Sapnap tries to say for him. Dream feels him shift closer but he doesn't look up.

George pauses to ask, "Dream? Are you going to finish?"

Dream just shudders and cries. He can't make any more words come out.

"Alright then. Start over."

George hits him.

And Dream gives up.

He gives up on counting, on keeping it together, on thanking George. He just wants George to forgive him. All he wants to do is apologize. So that's what he does.

"Sorry, sorry, sorry," he mumbles into his arms.

George hits him again.

"Don't apologize. I know you're sorry. Count."

The belt cracks down. Dream's flesh feels searingly numb. He wants to throw up.

"O-o-on—"

Crack.

"O-one. Th-th-a-th—"

Crack.

"Come on, Dream," he hears Sapnap beg. But he can't.

Crack.

The pain bolts through Dream's whole body, every nerve alight with fire.

Crack.

"Dream," George's voice cuts through the fog. "You're going to bleed if you don't start counting soon."

The belt comes down again, barely half of the force behind it compared to before. Dream still can't muster the words. He's not even trying anymore.

"Dream, you need to count." The intensity in George's tone almost rouses Dream. But when he opens his mouth, he tastes the salt of his tears and he chokes.

The belt taps him but it doesn't slide away like usual. Instead George lets it rest there. Even the tiny strip of leather feels chafing against his raw skin.

"Dream? Puppy, you with me?"

Dream should nod. If he nods, they keep going. If he nods, he completes his punishment and George finally forgives him.

For some reason, this lie is one he can't surmount.

When it becomes clear that Dream isn't going to answer, George gets a hand underneath him and guides him into an upright position. "Alright, alright, baby. We're going to do something else now. You can just relax now, no more counting," George soothes.

Dream doesn't really process the words. He just feels the bruises from the belt aching as he sits in George's lap. He knows he didn't finish the punishment. He couldn't even count to 10.

The deal was that he takes the punishment properly and then George isn't mad anymore. But he didn't do that. So things still feel bad, so so bad.

George runs a hand up and down his back, and Dream hides his face in the crook of George's neck. He stays there and lets himself cry. His hands tremble on George's shoulders.

"George," he weeps. He feels guilty for finally beginning to catch his breath. He wonders if George doesn't believe that he couldn't finish his punishment. "George, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to leave you out. I'm sorry I got jealous. I'm sorry."

"It's okay, it's okay, pup," George placates. "We're going to make you feel good now. Just breathe."

George gets a hand around his cock and it's like a live wire to Dream's brain, lighting it up with fresh sensation. As much as it feels good, it intensifies everything. Dream has never felt pain and pleasure mix like this before. The feeling has never made him fall so deep into his own mind, in the darkest coldest corner.

He's been on the edge of subspace this whole time but never quite getting there. It hadn't felt sexual before, just like discipline, just like pain. But now he drops and drops, too far and too fast.

This must still be a part of his punishment, Dream reasons as Sapnap begins to suck more bruises into his shoulders. Why else would he feel so sick to his stomach? Why else would he feel so hot with pain and cold at the same time? He should just take it. All that matters is George, what George wants, what he can do to make George forgive him.

George runs his thumb over the head of his cock and Dream shakes.

"I want to hear you, puppy. Go on, speak," George kisses into his neck.

"George..." Dream breathes.

"What is it, baby? Tell me what you want."

I want to stop.

Dream's tears drip on George's skin. He begs, "Please forgive me. I'm sorry."

George's hand stalls on him. Then it's gone entirely. George leans away, forcing Dream to stay where he is so he can see Dream's face. His eyes scan from Dream's brow to his watery eyes to his trembling lips.

"Dream?" His palm is on Dream's sides, his thumb stroking over the bones of his ribs. He feels Sapnap there too, hovering worriedly at his back. "I forgave you a while ago. Your punishment is over, baby."

Dream sucks in a deep breath. "Y-you did?"

"Of course, honey. You took your punishment so well. I'm so proud of you."

Dream nearly collapses with relief. His forehead presses against George's breastbone as he gives a dry sob, hands clawing down George's back as he tries to find anything to hold onto.

George forgives him.

George forgives him.

He did good. He was bad but he did good and George forgave him. George is proud of him. Dream's not sure how because he didn't complete the punishment but it doesn't matter as long as George forgives him.

"Whatever you want now, pup. You deserve it," George goes on.

Whatever he wants?

"Oh. Then... red."

George goes rigid. Dream peeks up to see his eyes wide. "What?"

Dream is confused. Maybe George meant whatever he wants but not stopping? Did he misunderstand? Is... is he not allowed to be done yet?

"Um, red. I want to stop now. If... if I'm allowed," he whispers the last part, shrinking.

"Of— of course you are. Dream, I would never ignore— okay, let's just get you settled and— and then we'll talk. Sapnap, can you get Dream's clothes?"

Sapnap runs from the room and George holds Dream close to him.

Seeing George's composure break makes Dream's drop feel even worse. He disappointed George. George was proud of him for one second and then he had to go and ruin it.

Sapnap is utterly silent when he comes back. He defers to George, not saying a word of protest or trying to talk back like he usually does. It makes Dream feel worse and worse.

Dream hardly feels his body as they help dress him in his pajamas. He only hisses as the clothes brush over his still raw skin. They all freeze at the sound until George even more gently finishes helping him.

The slow process starts to ease him out of subspace, their careful touches and gentle ministrations. He just wishes they would say something. Anything.

"I'm sorry," Dream pleads when they finally finish. They're laying down, still on top of the sheets, George facing him and Sapnap tucked against his back. He can feel how careful Sapnap is not to

touch where his lashes are.

“Hey, hey, you don’t have to apologize.” George’s hands cup his face. Dream meets George’s eyes and is surprised he doesn’t find anger there. “You never have to apologize for using a safeword. Did...” George swallows. “Did you feel like you needed to use it sooner? It sounded like you were waiting for my permission to say it.”

“Well... I...” Dream scrambles to say the right thing. He’s never supposed to lie to George when they’re doing a scene like this. But he’s also supposed to use his safewords when he needs them. He promised George he would. This was a different situation though, wasn’t it? “I did but... but it was a punishment. I wanted to finish the punishment. So you would forgive me,” Dream says simply.

“No, no, baby, you can’t—” George inhales. “No, this isn’t your fault. I’m glad you told us when you did. I should have realized sooner. I should have been checking in with you more. What we do should never make you feel like you need to safeword and if you do need to, you should never feel afraid to.”

“But I wasn’t afraid to,” Dream murmurs. “I just... wanted you to forgive me more.”

George’s face crumples. “Oh, Dream. I’m sorry. I forgive you, of course I forgive you. I was mad before, sure, but this wasn’t... I never wanted to actually hurt you. I should have known. You never liked that sort of play anyway. Sometimes I forget how different you and Sapnap are.”

Dream sniffls. “Because I’m selfish.”

“No, *no*. Sure, maybe Sapnap is a brat that likes to be punished—” That draws a wet laugh from Sapnap. Dream realizes suddenly that his other boyfriend is crying too, his face just hidden behind Dream’s shoulder blades. “—but you don’t have to be like him. It’s my job to recognize that.” George uses his sleeve to wipe away Dream’s tears, giving him a soft smile. “Because you’re my good puppy, aren’t you? My good boy, so good. Only praise from now on in the bedroom for my puppy. If we fight, we keep it out of our sex life.”

Dream can’t help but object weakly, “I don’t think I deserve that.”

“You deserve the world. You’re my world.” George kisses his forehead. Dream sinks further into the pillows. “I love you so much, Dream. I love you both. And I’m going to do better, I swear.”

“I love you too. Always,” Dream murmurs.

“Don’t give it to me unconditionally. I’m going to earn your love back. We need to talk about your safewords and check-ins. About what I can do to make sure you’re okay. We can’t keep doing this if it’s not safe for you.”

“Tomorrow,” Dream mumbles, burrowing into George’s chest.

He feels George swallow and he knows he wants to talk now, to make sure Dream is absolutely okay, to talk through everything that went wrong and might go wrong in the future. But that’s a longer conversation than Dream has the energy for. The drop has left him drowsy, and so has the warmth on every side from his lovers. It can wait.

“Tomorrow,” George eventually agrees softly.

For now Dream falls asleep cuddled between Sapnap and George, hurt but trusting, knowing he’s loved despite all their flaws and his.

Each fresh snow brings a new start.

Chapter End Notes

woooooo fun. High on the angst, low on the comfort with this one, sorry boys
this was somehow the easiest DNN Week fic to write because I'm just like that lol, but
hope you enjoyed anyways. Thanks so much for reading!

got one more mcyt secret santa fic up my sleeve and then I'm taking a wee break to
work on some *projects*

edit 2/7/22: so I wasn't expecting to come back to this buuuuut it got a lot of love
(thank you! <3) so I'll be adding an actual aftercare chapter to this work, as well as
adding a new work to the series about Sapnap! so feel free to sub to the new series,
Tell Me Twice, if you're interested in being updated on that! No promises on how
soon it will be but hopefully soon enough :)

The Aftercare Special

Chapter Summary

Dream and George finally have that talk.

Chapter Notes

sup besties :)

thank you for all the love on this work <3 as a reward, here's the aftercare chapter I completely skipped out on the first time I wrote this haha

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream wakes up to the sound of melting snow dripping onto the window sill. He blinks, eyelashes brushing against George's chest. Even that is enough to rouse the other and George begins to stir.

He groans as his eyes flutter open. "Dream?" comes his sleepy voice.

"Good morning," Dream murmurs. He moves to cuddle closer but as soon as he shifts, he feels the burn of raw skin against the bedsheets. He winces. George immediately notices.

"I'm so sorry, baby," he starts.

"George, it's okay," Dream insists, trailing his hand down to interlock their fingers.

"No, it's not. It's really—"

Sapnap rustles and both of them fall silent. Dream can still feel him pressed against his back. He feels bad for getting Sapnap so involved in all his angst and drama. He ruined Sapnap's fun, didn't he? None of them even got to finish last night.

"Let's go to the kitchen," Dream whispers to George. "Sap can keep resting and I know you want to talk."

George nods. They crawl out of bed, both doing their best not to wake Sapnap. Dream presses a kiss on Sapnap's head, just the gentlest brush of his lips, an apology for making him cry last night. He hopes letting him sleep in makes up for it. He's sure Sapnap will be happy to wake up to Dream and George having resolved things, not having to endure the painful conversation Dream's sure is coming. He wouldn't want Sapnap to have to be more involved than he needs to be.

Once they get to the kitchen, Dream immediately grabs a pan and some eggs out of the fridge. "Let me make you breakfast, yeah?"

George hovers by his side. "We need to talk."

"I know, I know." Dream sighs. His fingers twitch with nervous energy. "Just... I want something

to do with my hands while we talk. I need to do something. Is that okay?"

George looks like he's about to argue but he holds back. "Of course. Whatever you need."

"Thanks, Georgie." Dream tries to get George to smile back at him. He doesn't quite manage it.

George situates himself near Dream, back pressed against the hard line of the counter and arms crossed. He glares at the ground. "So."

"So," Dream repeats. He's not sure exactly where George wants to take this talk. It's obvious the moment still hangs over them, as much as Dream doesn't want it to. George has forgiven him, what more is there to it?

Now that he's on the other side of it, Dream looks back on last night and sees the manic energy he had for what it was. He hasn't been in the right headspace for days. The only thing he thought might make it better was George forgiving him. He's never had to earn George's forgiveness like that before and one thing turned to another and then he was almost bleeding and then—

Dream sucks in a breath and tries to calm down. He doesn't need to panic now. It's over. George didn't want to hurt him like that, he knows. It was all a mistake.

George tilts his head at him in question. Dream just shakes his head and goes to their breakfast, cracking the eggs a little too violently on the counter.

"You used your safeword," George finally says.

"Mm," Dream hums. He leans across George to grab a spatula but doesn't make eye contact.

"That's the first time you've ever used it," George goes on.

"Yeah."

"Dream." George's next words come out stern. Dream finally looks up at him and sees the distress in his gaze. "I know we haven't been together and having sex for that long but still. That's a big deal."

"I know," Dream whispers. His nails dig into his own bicep. "But I've never felt like I had to use it before. So isn't, like... isn't it fine? We're fine, right?" he asks a bit desperately.

George softens. "One bad night doesn't mean we're over. But we still have to talk about it. I was serious when I said I wanted to make sure it didn't happen again. To be clear, I don't think we should break up but if we can't have sex safely, then we just shouldn't have sex."

"Well..." Dream's face screws up in distaste.

George laughs. "I know. Down, boy."

"See, now you're encouraging me!" Dream grins, eager to hear more of his boyfriend's familiar teasing.

But George's face immediately falls and Dream's heart sinks with it. "You're right. I shouldn't. Sorry."

"You don't have to apologize," Dream pleads. "Come on, George. It's okay. I'm okay." He reaches out for George's hand but the other boy takes a step back.

“Can we have a serious talk about this? I know it’s easier to joke but this is... None of this is your fault, alright? But I want you to understand that I want to have this conversation for you but also for me. I was really scared last night. Hearing you say ‘red’...” George blinks at the ceiling as he holds back tears. “Hurting you is one of my worst fears, you know that? And I did that. I hurt you.”

Dream feels tears well in his own eyes. “George—”

“No, no, don’t try to say otherwise.” George shakes his head, holding up a hand as if to ward Dream off. “I hurt you last night. It happened. We have to talk about it so it doesn’t happen again, for you and... and for me.”

Dream aches to reach out for George but he holds himself back. “Okay,” he agrees. “Just... just let me put these eggs on a plate and then we’ll talk.”

“Okay.” The word comes out with relief. Dream has to turn back to the pan so George can’t see the tear that escapes down his cheek. The lingering feeling that he’s being bad again seeps up through the cracks.

Dream tries to shake it off as he plates their food and brings it over to the table.

“So...” He swallows, pushing his eggs around with his fork. “What specifically did you want to talk about?”

George leans forward, hands clasped. “Can you tell me why you had to use the safeword?”

“What do you mean?” Dream asks. He needed it. That’s why he used it, or why he’s supposed to anyway. He doesn’t think that George is trying to dispute that so he’s not sure what he’s getting at.

George clarifies, “Were you in too much physical pain? Was I not checking in enough? Did you feel unsafe?”

“Um... I didn’t feel unsafe,” Dream says carefully because he didn’t. He felt desperate, he felt out of his mind, he felt like George hated him. But he didn’t feel unsafe. “I guess it was partly the pain. And, and that you were doing it to me because you were mad at me. I couldn’t do anything to make it better or to be good. I was... I was just bad.”

“Even if it was true that I was still mad then, doing one bad thing doesn’t make you a bad person. Is that how you felt?”

“Well... yeah,” Dream admits, valiantly trying to ignore his boyfriend’s wince. “Because it wasn’t just that day or me hanging out with Sapnap. I knew you were both angry at me for being jealous that you were going to Disney without me. So I’ve been bad for a while.”

“Dream, baby, you’re not bad, okay?” George takes Dream’s hands in his own from across the table. “You’re not bad. You’re not a bad person. You’re not a bad boyfriend. It’s okay to feel however you feel. I’m sorry I made you feel like you couldn’t.”

“It’s okay,” Dream mutters. He lets the warmth of George’s hand soak into his own freezing fingers.

“It sounds like you weren’t in a good place for us to have sex even before we started, especially rough sex. Does that sound right?” Dream nods and George squeezes his hand. “Thank you for letting me know, sweetheart. Can you tell me when you started feeling like you had to use the safeword?”

“Which one? Red or—oh.” Dream cuts himself off as he hears George’s sharp inhale. He almost pulls his hands away. “Sorry, I shouldn’t have brought it—”

“No, don’t apologize. It’s okay,” George rushes out. “We’re being honest here. So you wanted to use ‘yellow’ before but you waited?”

“Yeah… yeah. Until the punishment was over.” Dream’s voice is barely above a whisper.

“But by then you needed to use ‘red’,” George states, barely a question at this point.

“Yeah.”

“Can you tell me when you thought about saying ‘yellow’?”

Dream doesn’t want to think about it, the pain and the hurt and the way the words to stop it were sitting dead in his mouth but he couldn’t bring himself to spit them out. “I… I don’t know.”

George presses, “Can you try and remember? Doesn’t have to be perfect.”

Dream hesitates but eventually gives into the insistence in George’s eyes. The words still come out as a question, as if even he’s unsure of how he felt. “Maybe the third time we started over?”

“Okay. And then…” George’s composure seems to crack, fracture. His hands spasm on Dream’s, holding too tight and then barely at all. “And then you took another ten or more hits.”

Dream’s confession burns on his lips. “I guess, yeah.”

He can hear George’s breaths shudder. He feels his hands tremble. “I’m so sorry, baby. God, I’m sorry. I should have realized.” He sighs. “I think we need to take a break—”

“But—” Dream immediately panics. He doesn’t want to break up. He thought the point of this conversation was to make things better. He doesn’t know how to convince George that he understands.

He was in a bad place yesterday. As much as George says it’s not his fault, Dream knows that it’s his job to answer him honestly when he asks for check-ins, to use his safeword if he needs it. Things went too far yesterday but it was a week’s worth of insecurity and hurt feelings compounding into one moment. He can see that now.

He wants to promise George it won’t happen again and he thinks he would be telling the truth. Seeing the amount of pain he put George and Sapnap through by not communicating his needs makes sure of that. Some things have to change about what they do together in the bedroom, of course they do, but breaking up completely?

It makes Dream dangerously wish he had never used his safeword at all, if it meant he gets to keep George.

“I don’t want to take a break,” Dream begs.

“—from sex,” George finishes, a bit wryly. “Maybe let me finish talking next time?”

Relief sweeps through Dream, quickly followed by embarrassment. “Oh.” So clearly he still jumps to conclusions sometimes. “Yeah that sounds like a good idea.”

“I don’t want us to take a break either,” George whispers like it’s a secret just between the two of them. “But seriously, thank you for telling me all this. I know it wasn’t easy or fun. I love you,

okay? So much."

"I love you too. Can I...?" He leans across the table. George meets him halfway, keeping the kiss light and playful but still Dream feels the affection and gratefulness there.

When they sit back down, Dream can't stop a giddy smile from breaking through. He feels the weight on his shoulders finally lifting. This hurt but he knows it made them stronger too.

As Sapnap walks into the kitchen and the snow melts outside, Dream can't help but feel that things are finally starting to look up.

Chapter End Notes

Just wanted to mention again that I'm working on a Sapnap sequel to this work! And spoiler alert, things are actually not going to be looking up lol

To give you guys a bit of a teaser, here's what the description is probably gonna be:

George hurt Dream. So George and Dream talk about it in the morning. Without Sapnap.

Or Sapnap misses out on aftercare. It doesn't go well.

I usually write the entire work before posting so idk when I'll have it finished (rip) tho I may decide to write as I post, we'll see we'll see :) Here's a snippet to tide you over:

When Sapnap wakes up, he's alone. He doesn't even process it for a moment, thinking he's in his own bed, until he opens bleary eyes to George's blue sheets.

The events from last night crash down on him.

George angry, Dream suffering, Dream dropping, all of them crying.

Where are his boyfriends? Are they together? Did Dream leave to go to his own room? Are they talking about last night?

Sapnap curls farther into a ball, wrapping the sheets around him.

They probably don't want to see him yet. They're probably working through everything now and he'd only be in the way. Dream is the one who needs to be cared for. He's the one who went through a traumatic experience.

So why does Sapnap feel so bad?

End Notes

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